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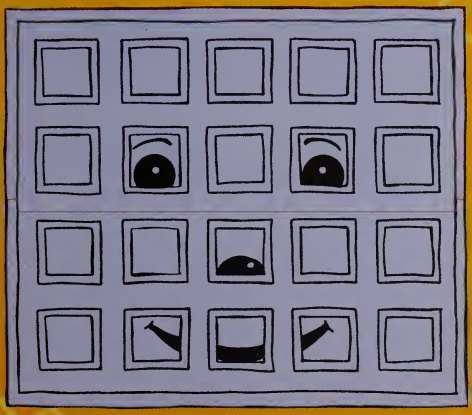
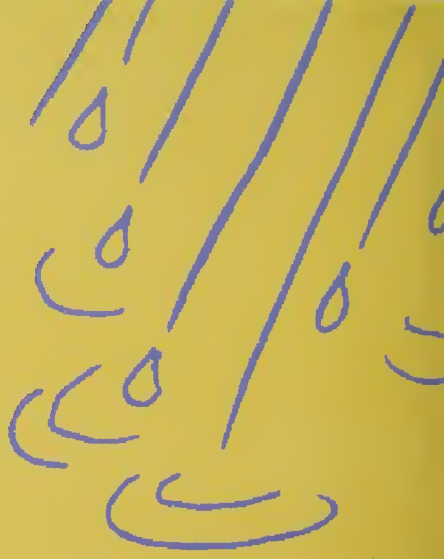
DWAYNE the Storm Drain



a drain for all seasons

written by Donna Papapietro
illustrated by Rita Berkeley



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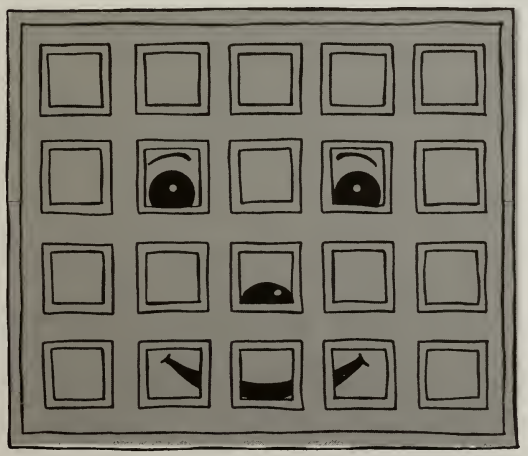
DWAYNE

the Storm Drain

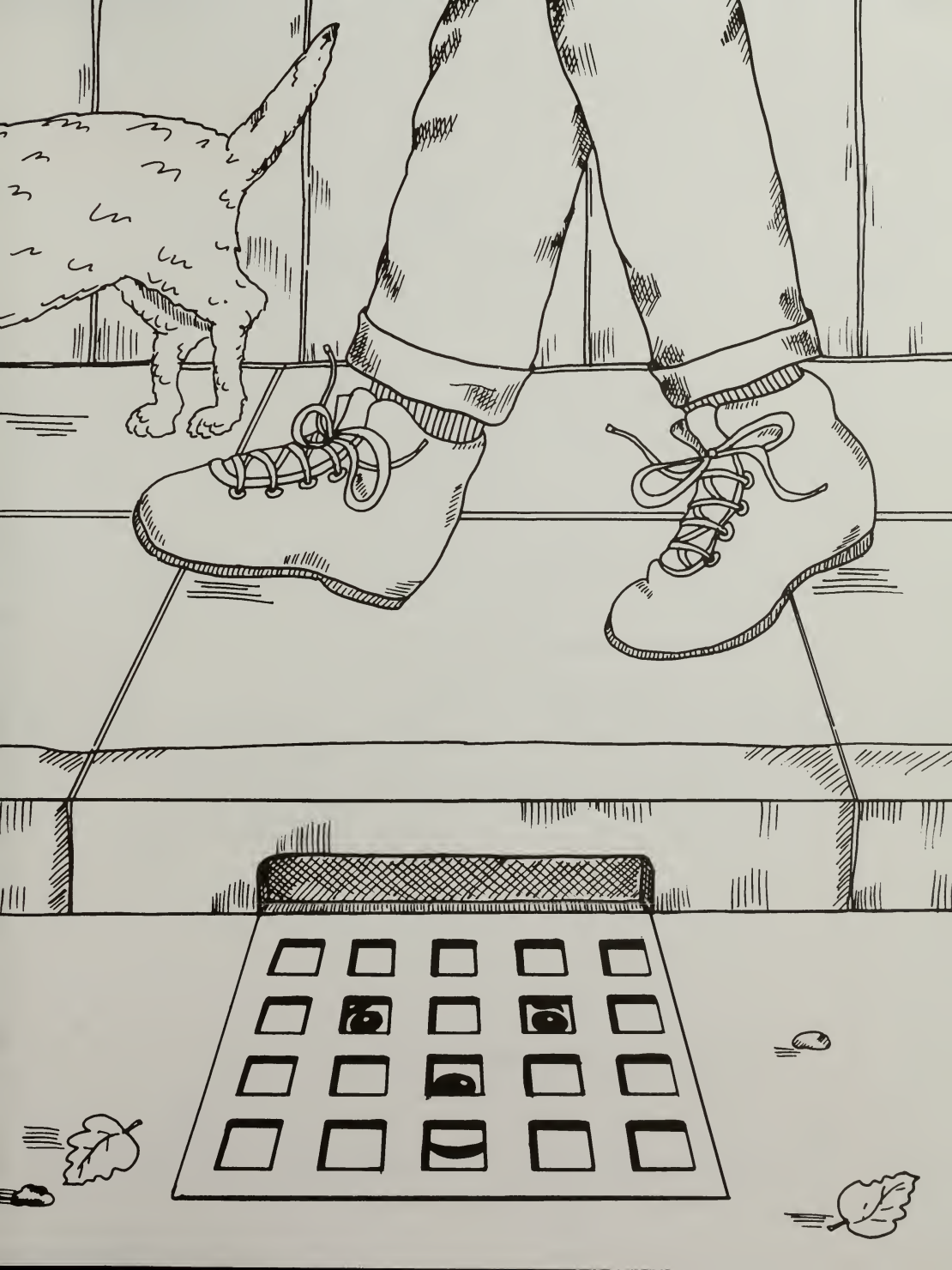


a drain for all seasons

written by Donna Papapietro
illustrated and designed by Rita Berkeley
for MWRA Wastewater School Education Program

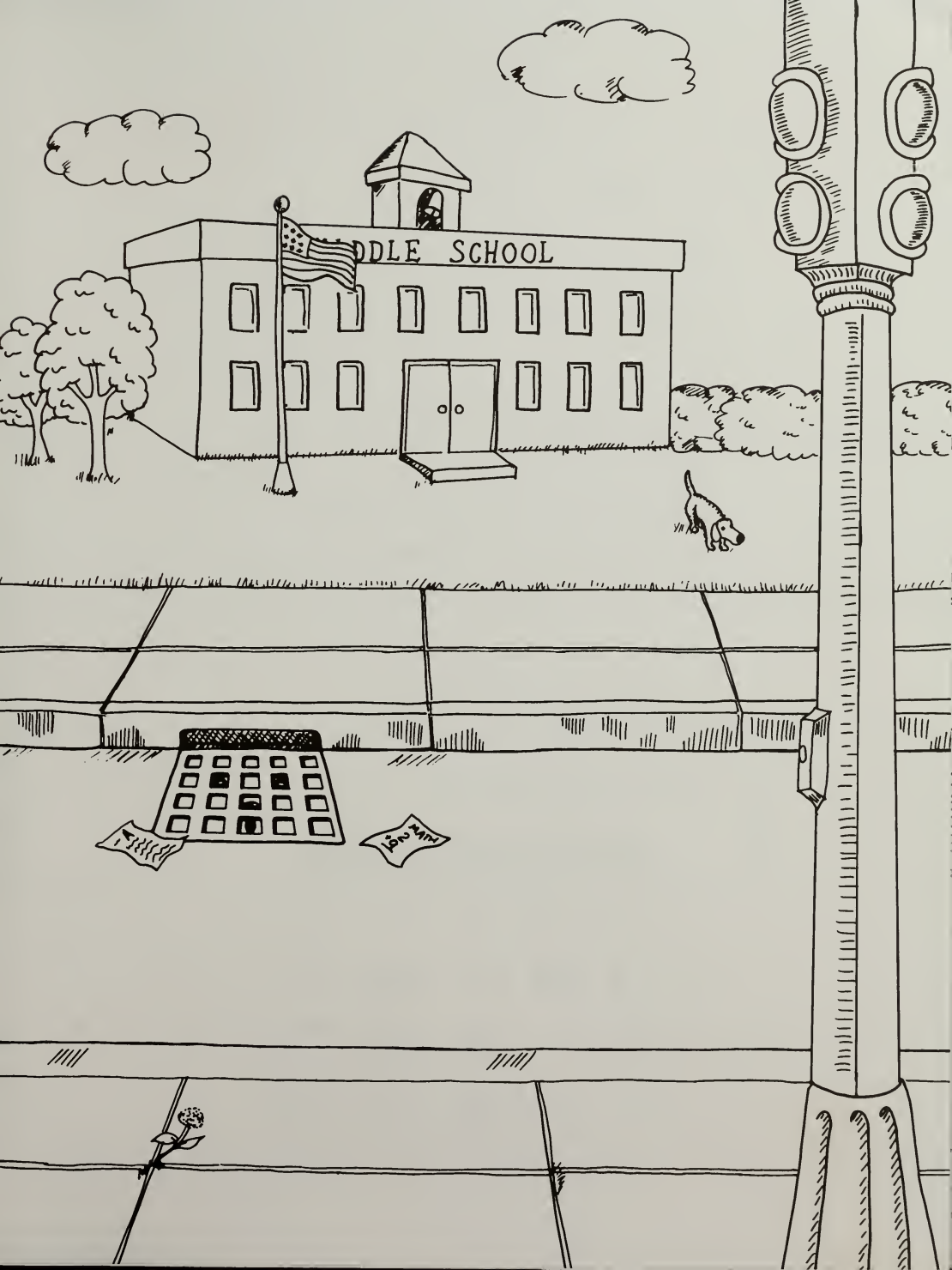
This afternoon as you
are walking home,
Think back to right now
and remember this poem.

Stay near to the curb
keeping safe from the street,
Look down by the road
and just follow your feet.



Maybe you'll see me
if you carefully search,
Maybe you'll find me
near a temple or church.

I am nothing quite fancy
and my color is dark,
"Psst, I'm over here near
the school by the park."


DDLE SCHOOL

Here I am! I'm hanging
out in this gutter,
Watching people go by and
not a word do I utter.

But, if I could speak
I'd look up and shout,
"I'm Dwayne the Storm Drain
come check me out!"

Come check me out!

I'm made of cast iron
and resemble a grate,
If you walk a few blocks
you'll meet another fine mate.

I'm shaped like a square
and have bars that are crossed,
I keep objects from drain pipes
that are littered or lost.

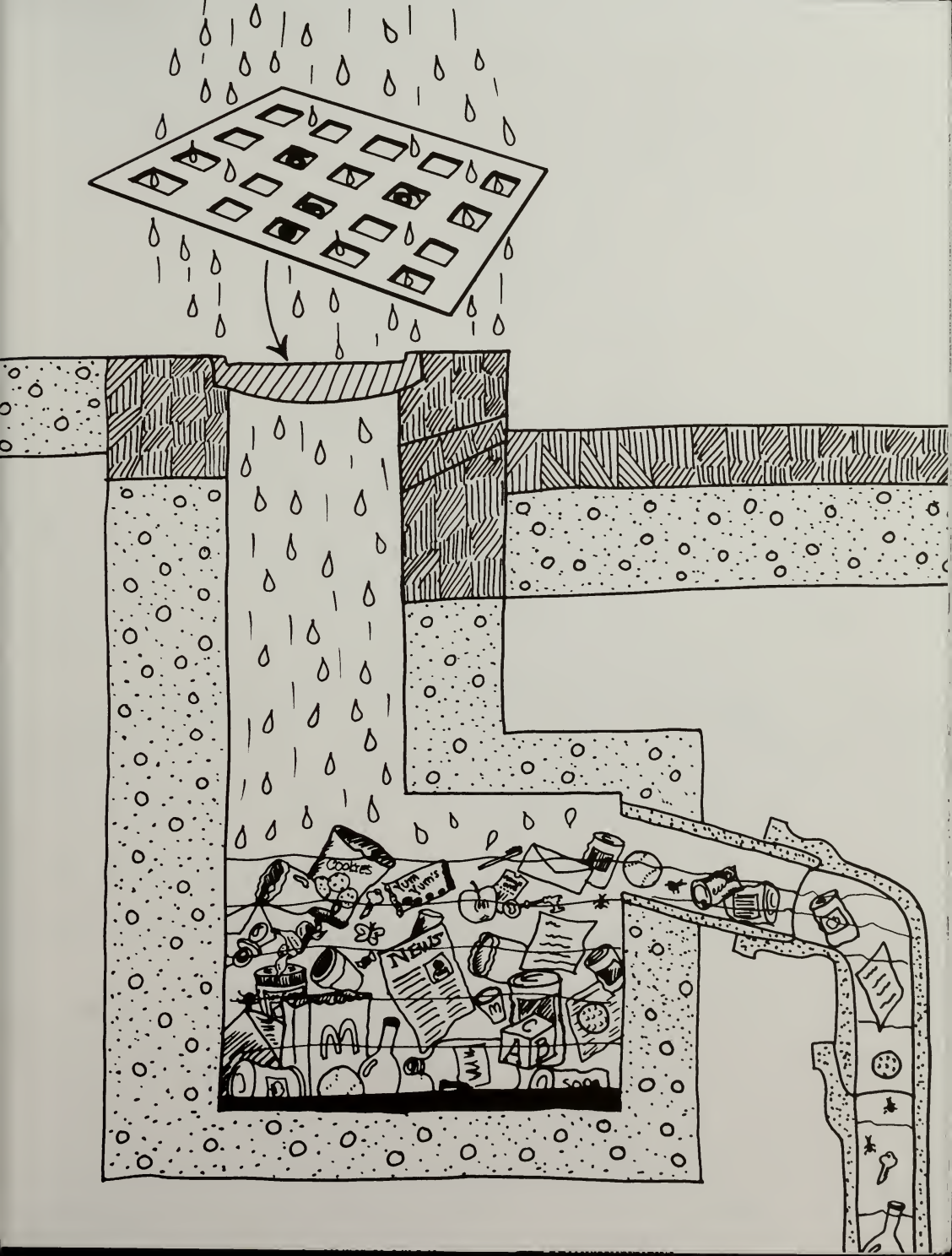
Gutters are my business
this street I dutifully drain,
I am often overworked
in times of heavy rain.

Rainwater runs through me
travelling down to drain pipes,
But along with the water I
see garbage of all types.

TOYS
Sam's
SALE
OPEN
WELCOME
SALE
CHIPS

Don't use me for dumping
I've got a specific purpose,
I am here to drain streets of
rainwater that may surface.

BUT . . .


Cookies
Yum Yum
NEWS

In autumn when school starts
I am loaded with leaves,
Washing down with rainwater
when they fall from the trees.

Children start to wear coats
made of flannel and wool,
I get lost buttons and bows
when seams tightly pull.

Pencils and rulers are
swept through my grate,
And notes to parents for
homework that's late.

1 2 3 4 5 6
YUMM
Dear Parent

Winter begins and snow
falls fluffy-white,
It's beautiful at first
then becomes such a sight!

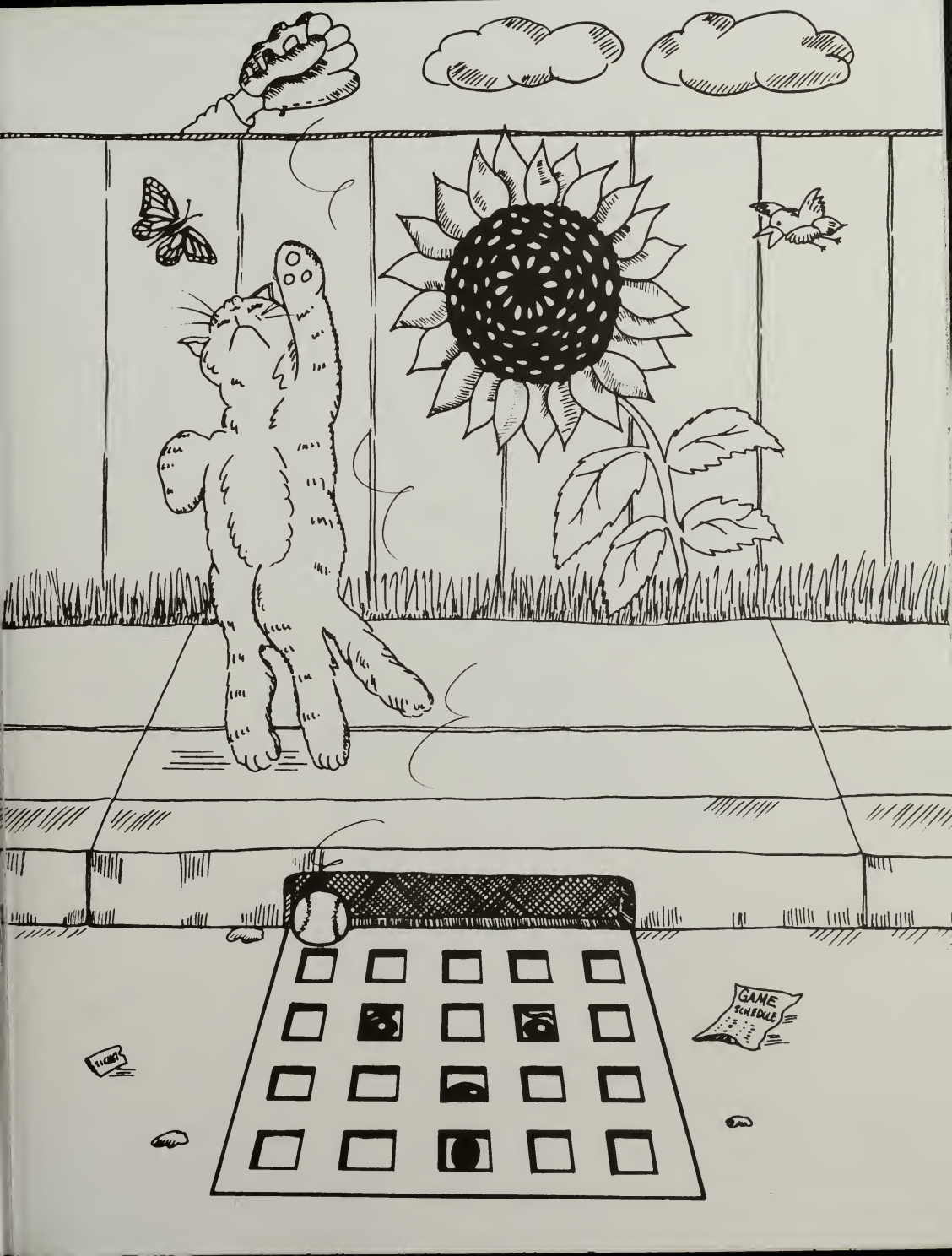
It mixes with salt that
is thrown on the road,
To stop cars from sliding so
they don't crash and get towed.

Snow shovels will clear
the road nicey-nice,
Shoving me dirt, snow, and salt
and big pieces of ice!

WELCOME

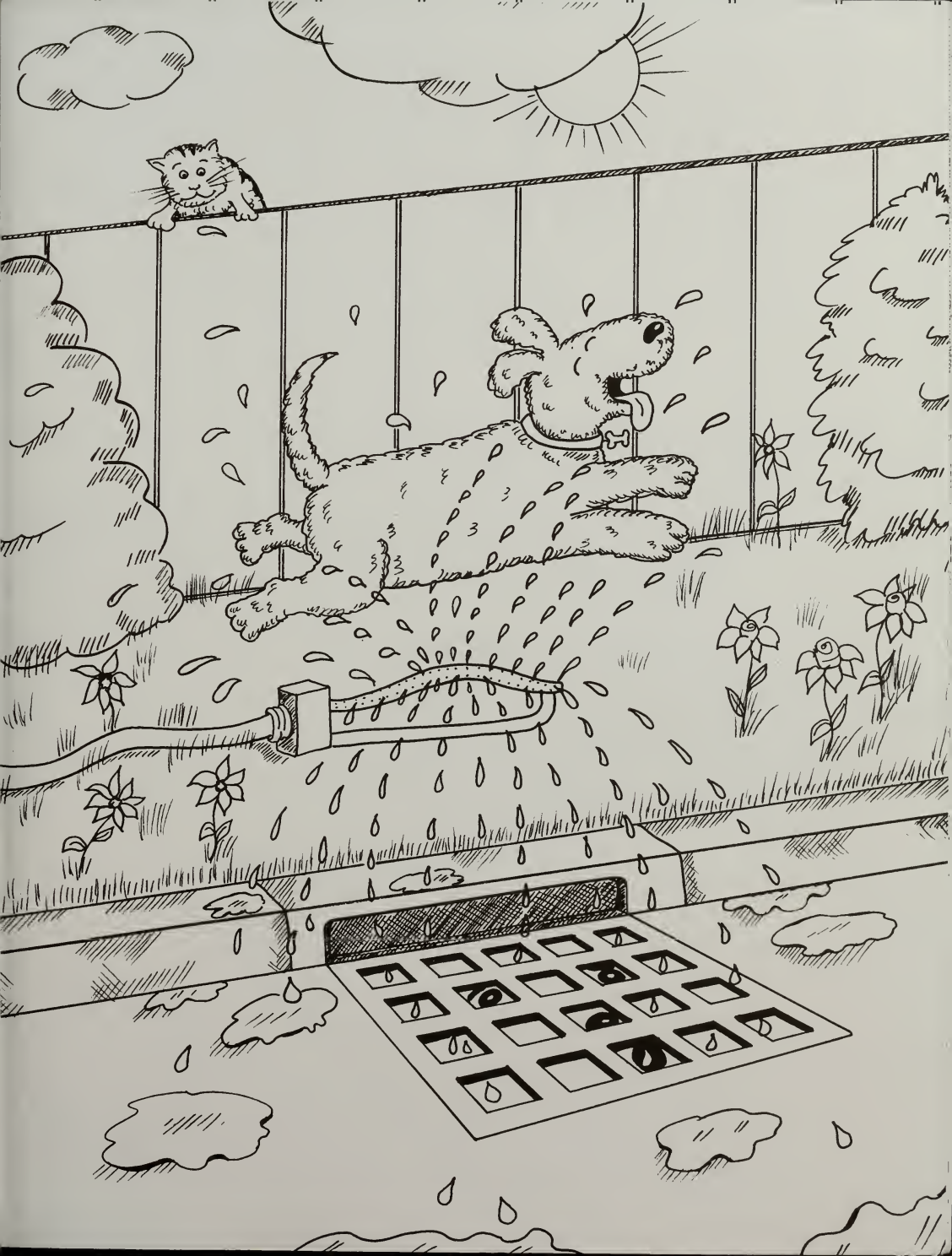
This stuff it gets through me
all winter and fall,
It's a sure sign of spring
when down rolls a ball.

At the park children play more
in the school yard as well,
When the weather is warmer
and lovely flowers I smell.


GAME
SCHEDULE

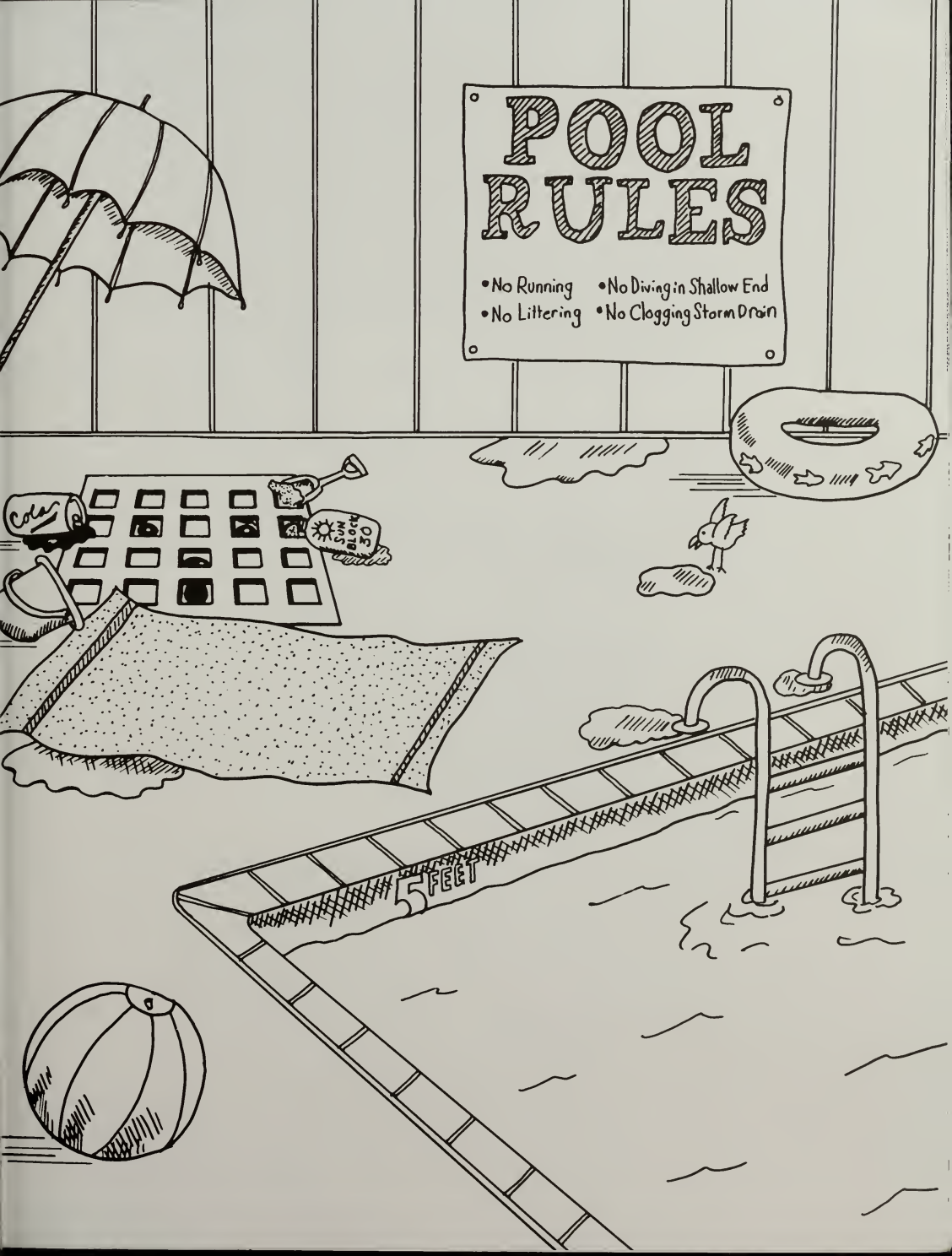
Spring has sprung to life
and it rains a lot more,
So into my grate flows
water galore!

From hoses comes more water
when sprinkling the lawn,
In spring neighbors wake up
to water at dawn.



When summer arrives the
children leave school,
And they move to the park
where there is a big pool.

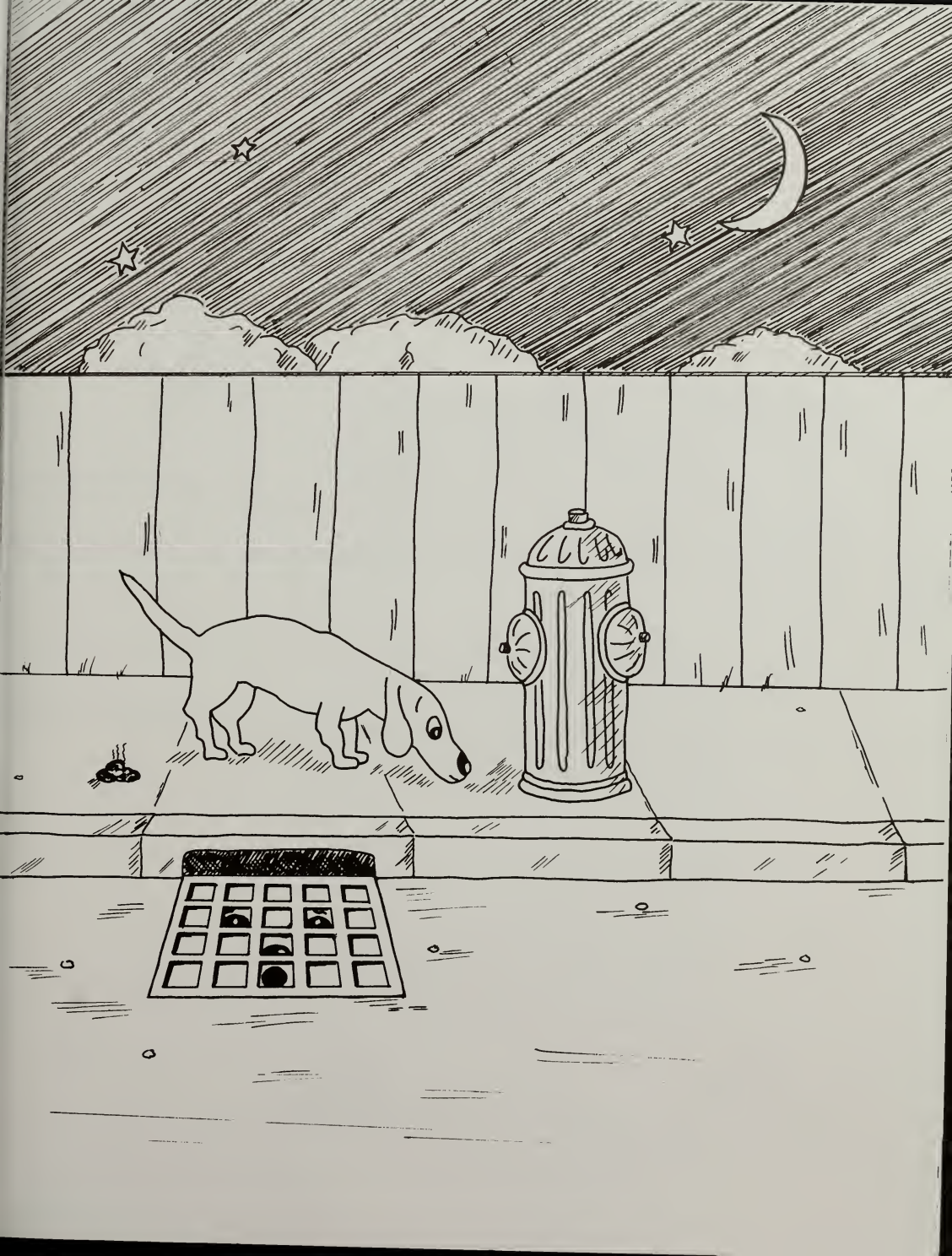
A lost towel and water toy
swept through me today,
Someone was wet and cold
and without something to play.


POOL
RULES
• No Running
• No Littering
• No Diving in Shallow End
• No Clogging Storm Drain
Cola
SUN BLOCK 30
5 FEET

With the days growing longer
dogs are walked up 'til nine,
There's more dog-poop curbside
that's eventually mine.

So what's my point as I
chatter on and on?
What does it all mean
to you I now warn.

Where does it go?
I'm sure you will ask.
Explaining this now
is no easy task.

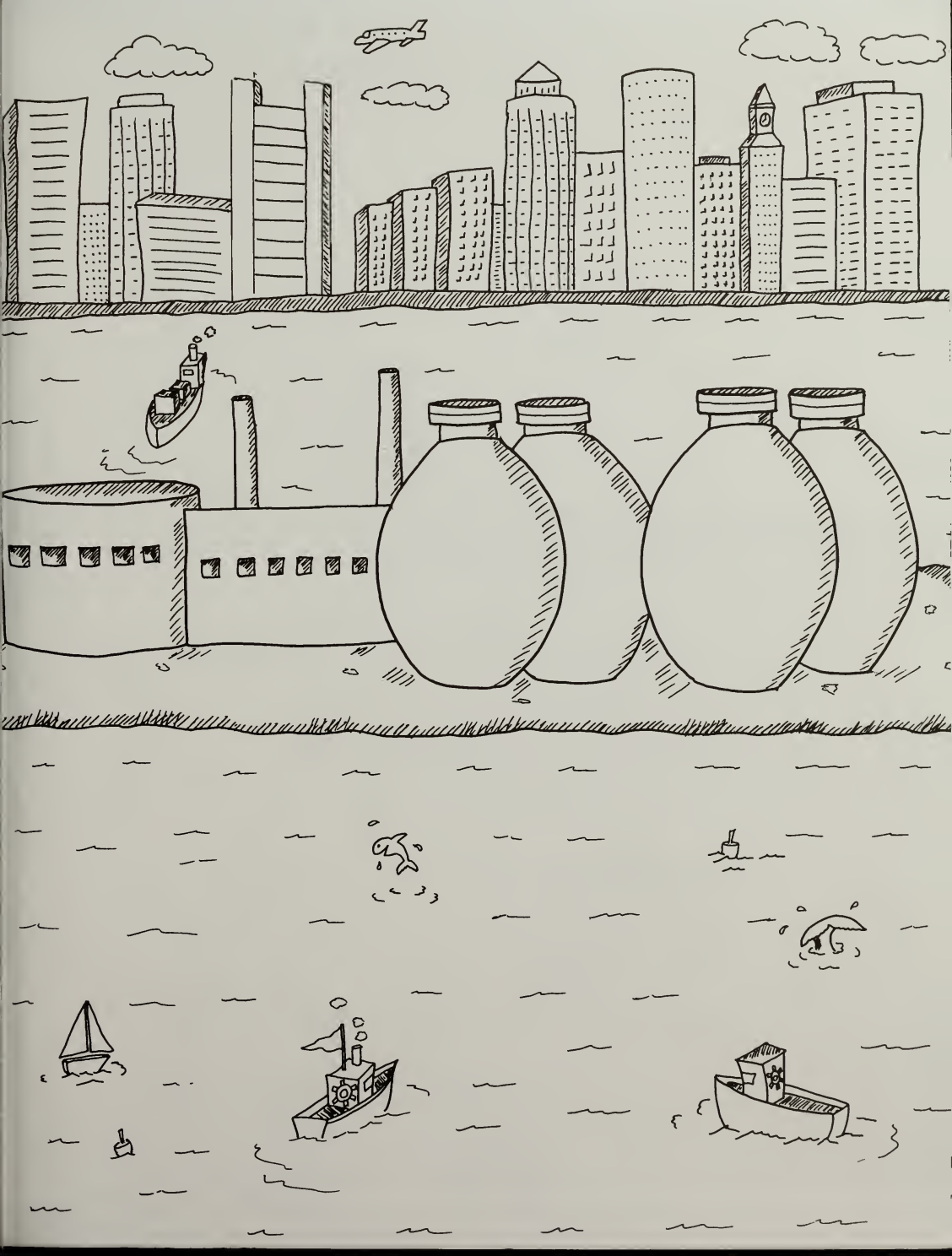


After rain and other items
go down through my grate,
They travel through sewer pipes
a journey clear and straight.

In some towns this all goes to
a sewage treatment plant,
The water is chemically cleaned
and becomes effluent.*

But in most cities and towns
what I will tell you is true,
All this water and gunk flows
to water that's blue!

* effluent-the "cleaned" wastewater or final liquid that flows out of a treatment plant.



Near your home there's water
either a brook, pond, or lake,
That receives all the rainfall
and other objects I take.

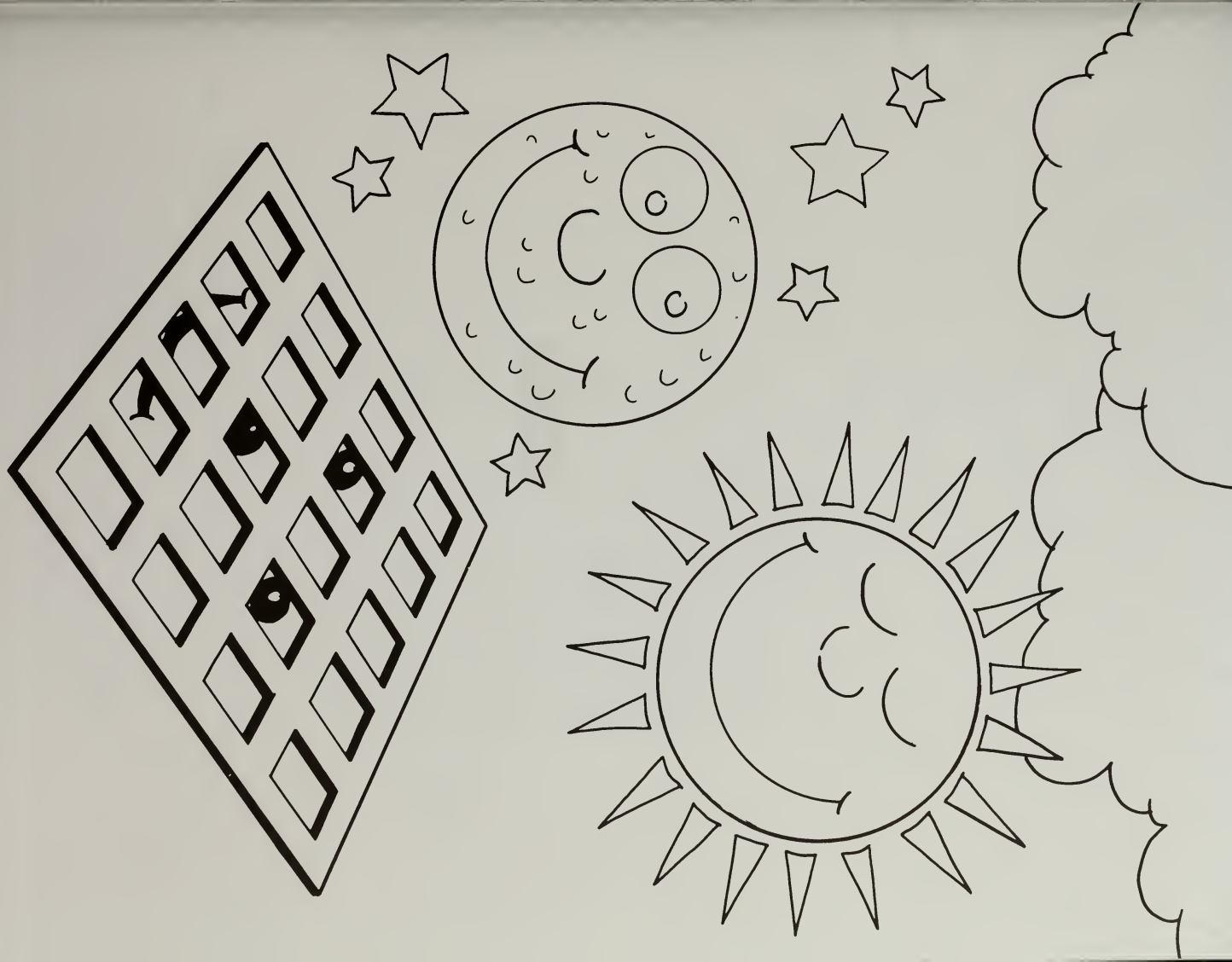
Things like dirt and leaves
are recycled back to earth,
Things like litter and garbage
have no rebirth!

These things are people-made
and cannot be broken down,
This junk hangs on forever
polluting water in your town!

COLA
PAINT

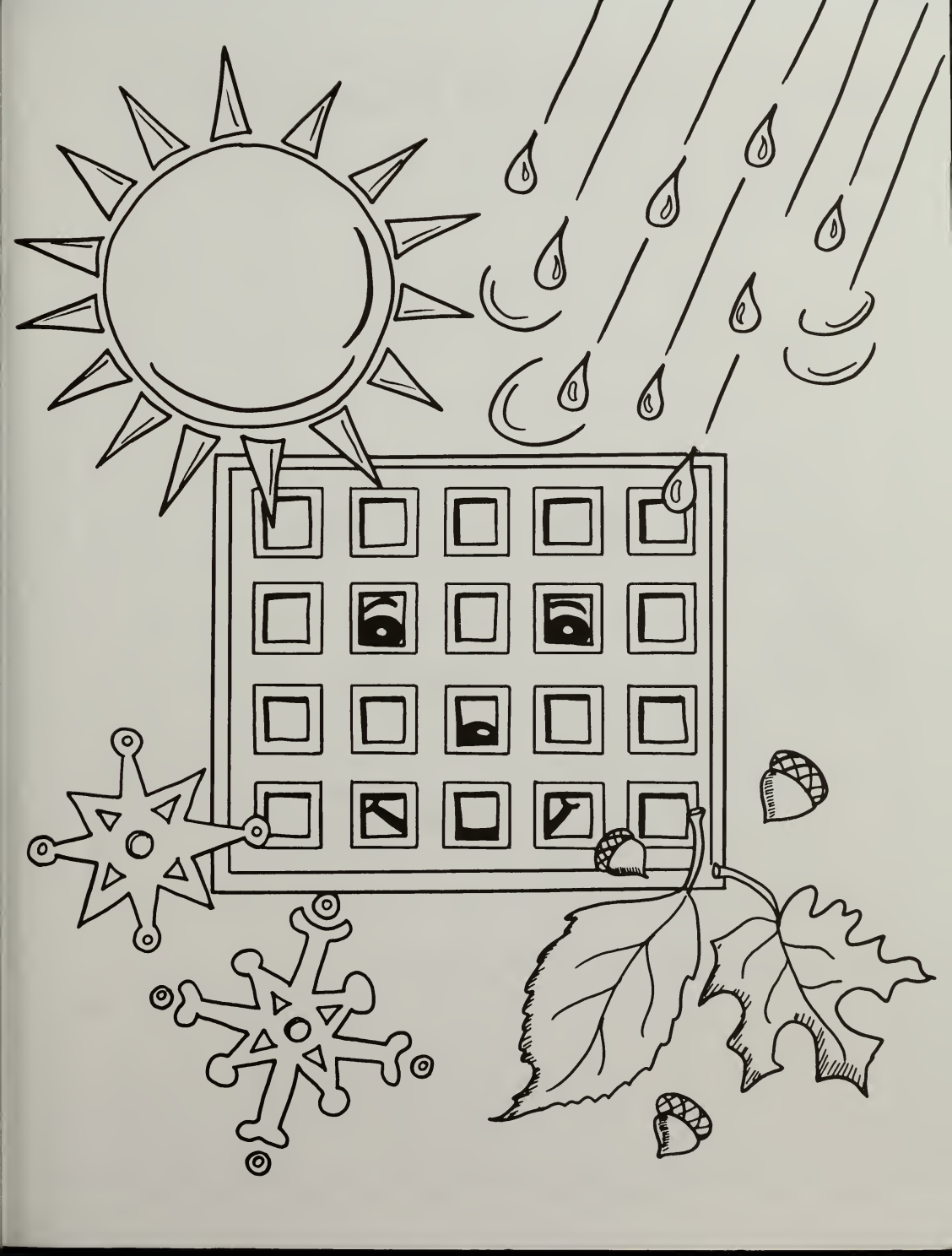
So next time you spy me
show me you care,
After reading this poem
you are surely aware.

My job is important
whether it's January or June,
By the light of the sun
and the light of the moon.



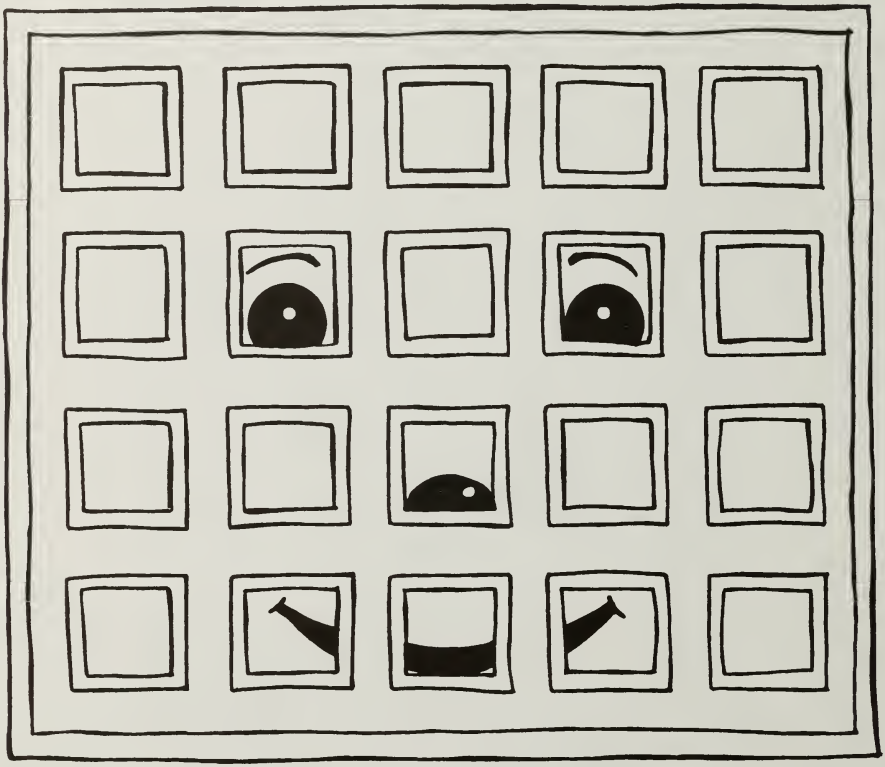
That's my story - I'm a
drain for all seasons,
I keep streets clear and dry
health and safety are my reasons!

The End



What shape is Dwayne?

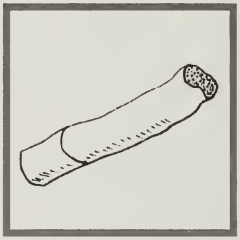
Using familiar objects measure Dwayne's height and width. (paper clip, crayon, piece of string)

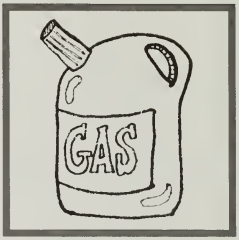


What did you discover about Dwayne?

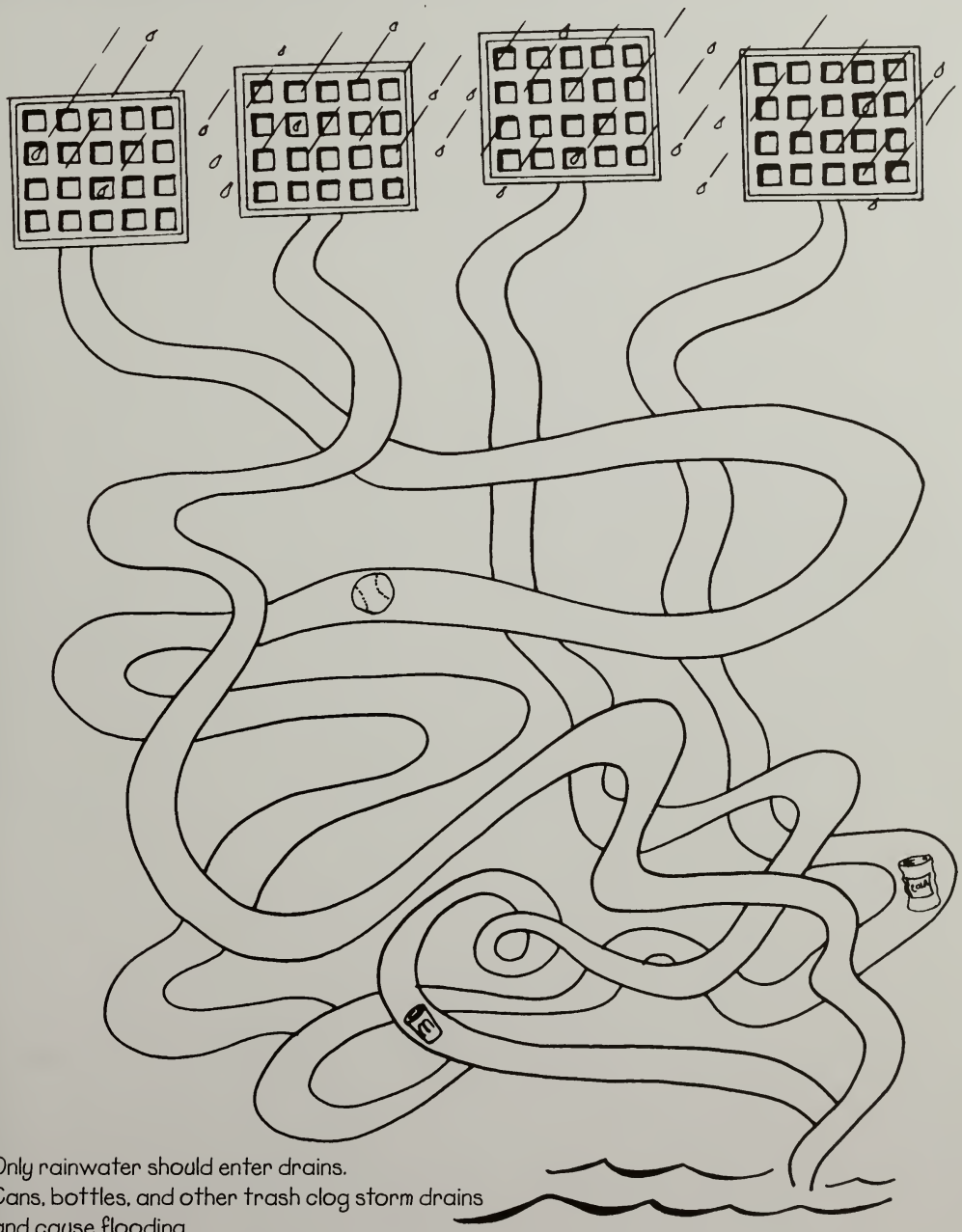
Here are some of the things that might end up in a storm drain.
Which ones are safe for Dwayne and the environment?

Pretend you are one of the objects below. Tell or write a story about how you got through Dwayne the Storm Drain and into the drain pipes.



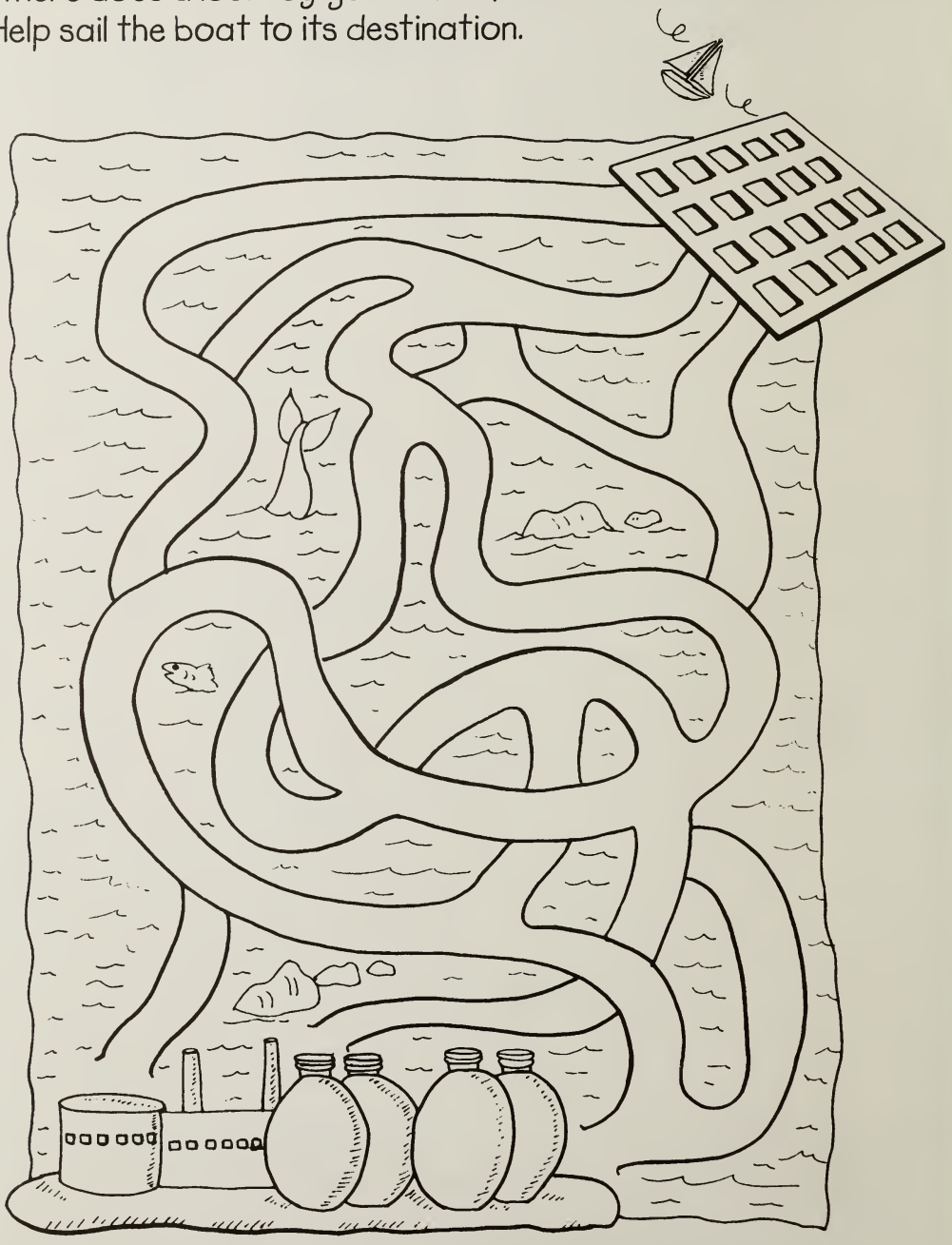


Find the storm drain that has a clear path from start to finish.



Only rainwater should enter drains.
Cans, bottles, and other trash clog storm drains
and cause flooding.

Where does a lost toy go when it falls into a storm drain? Help sail the boat to its destination.



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